Thrilling new Avengers serial starts on page four.

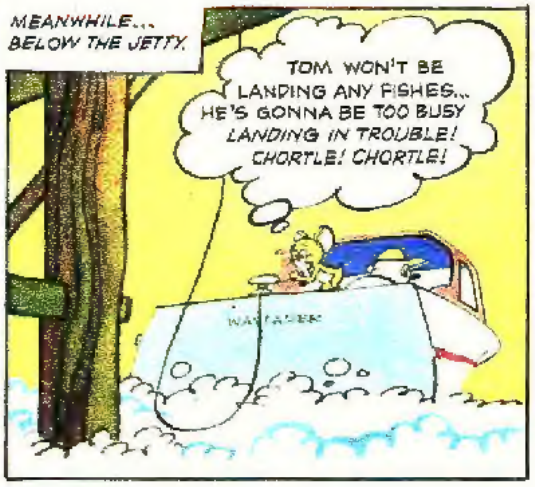
TV COMIC

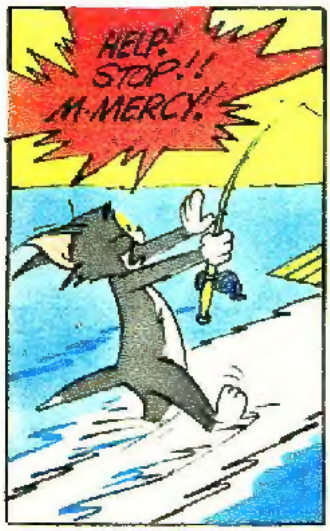
8d

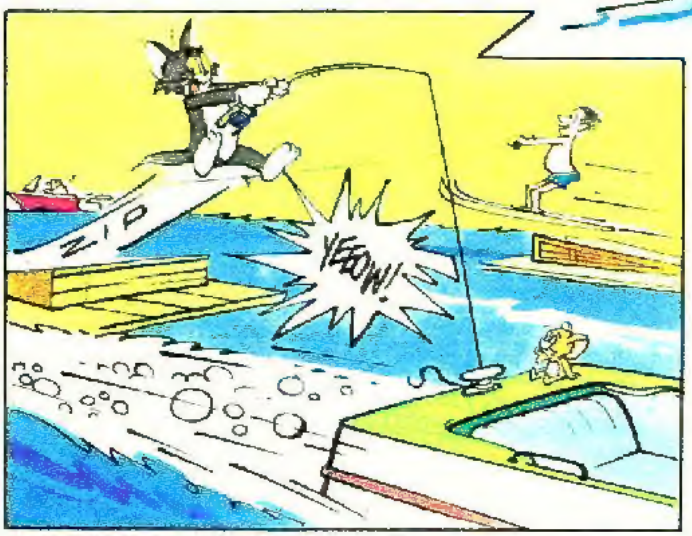
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week Ending 30th May, 1970 | Number 963

TOM and JERRY







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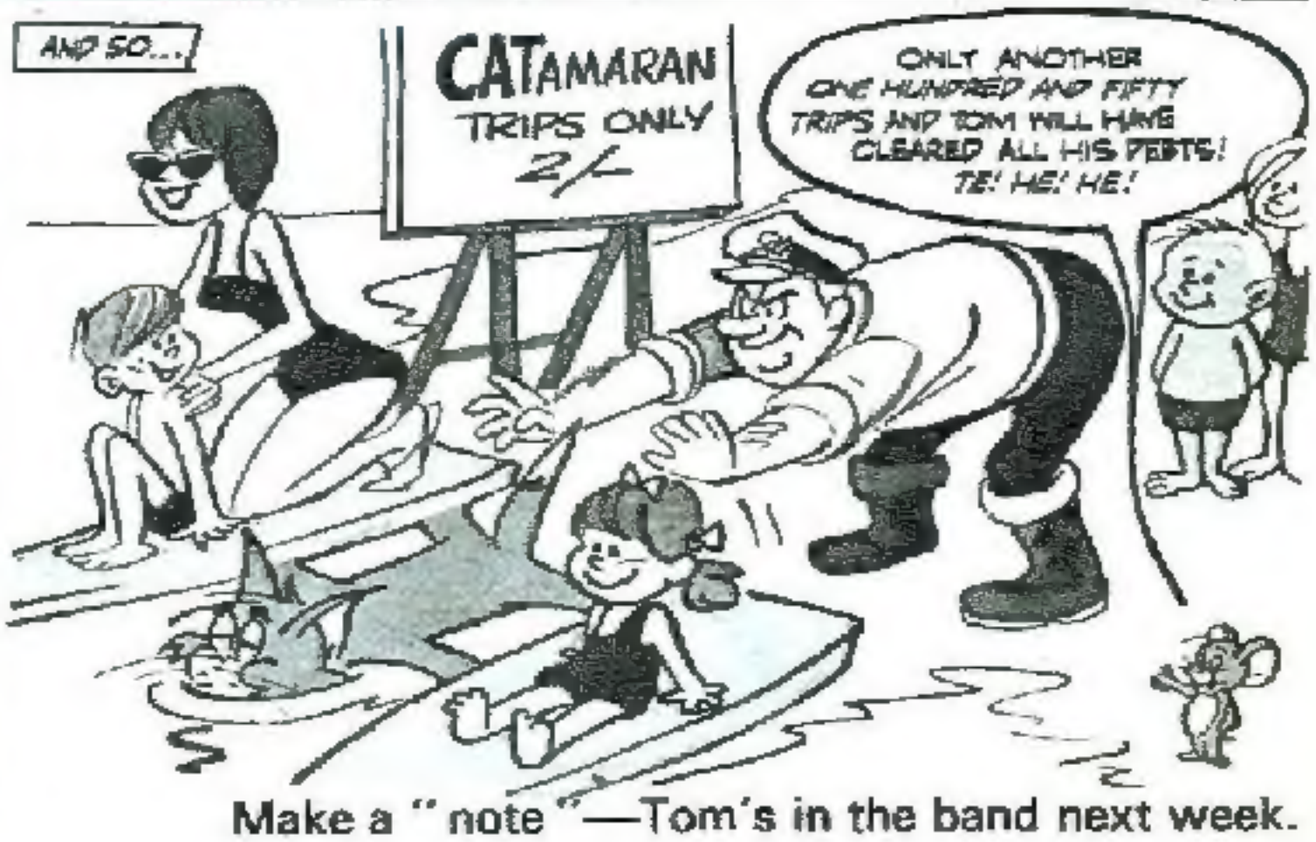
Tom gets a 'screw loose' on page 2.



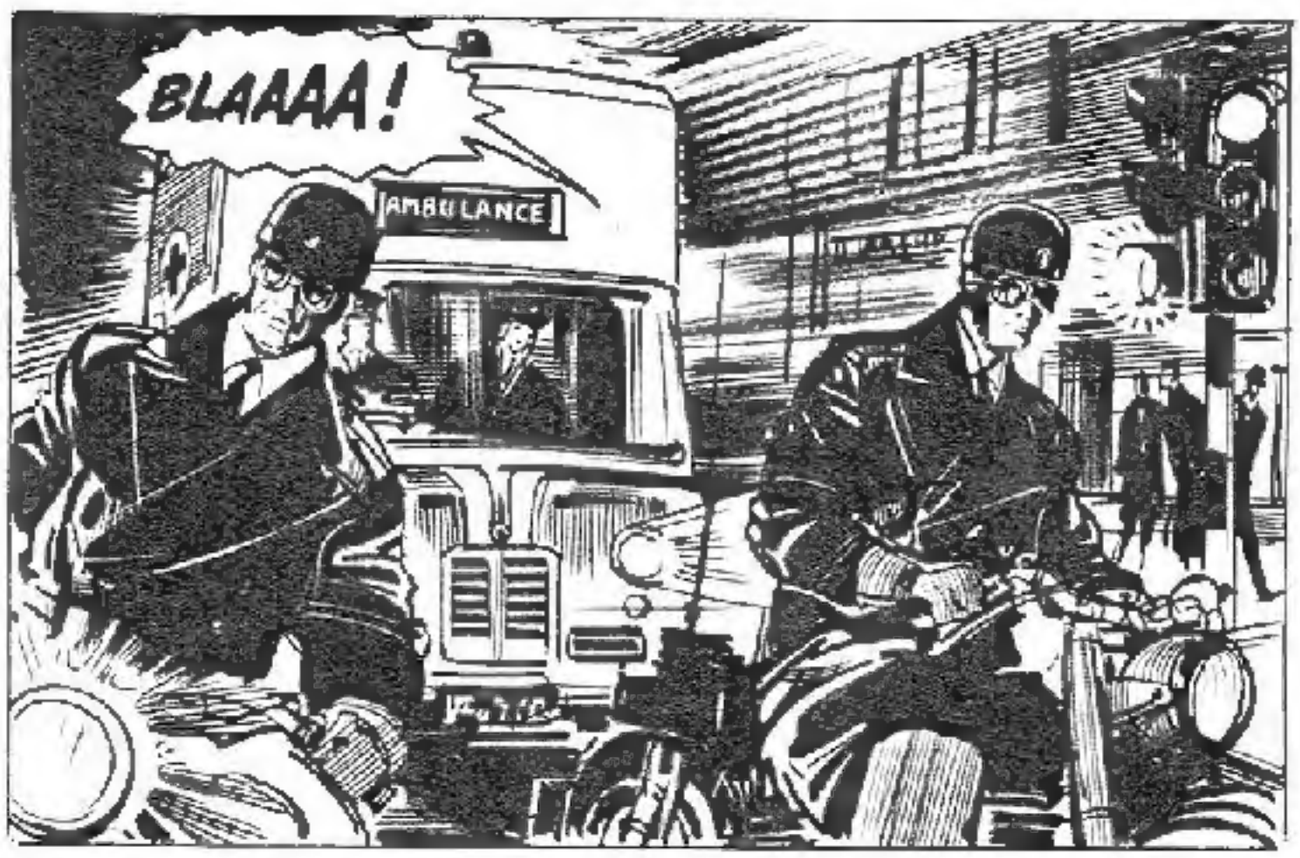
Make a " note "—Tom's in the band next week.

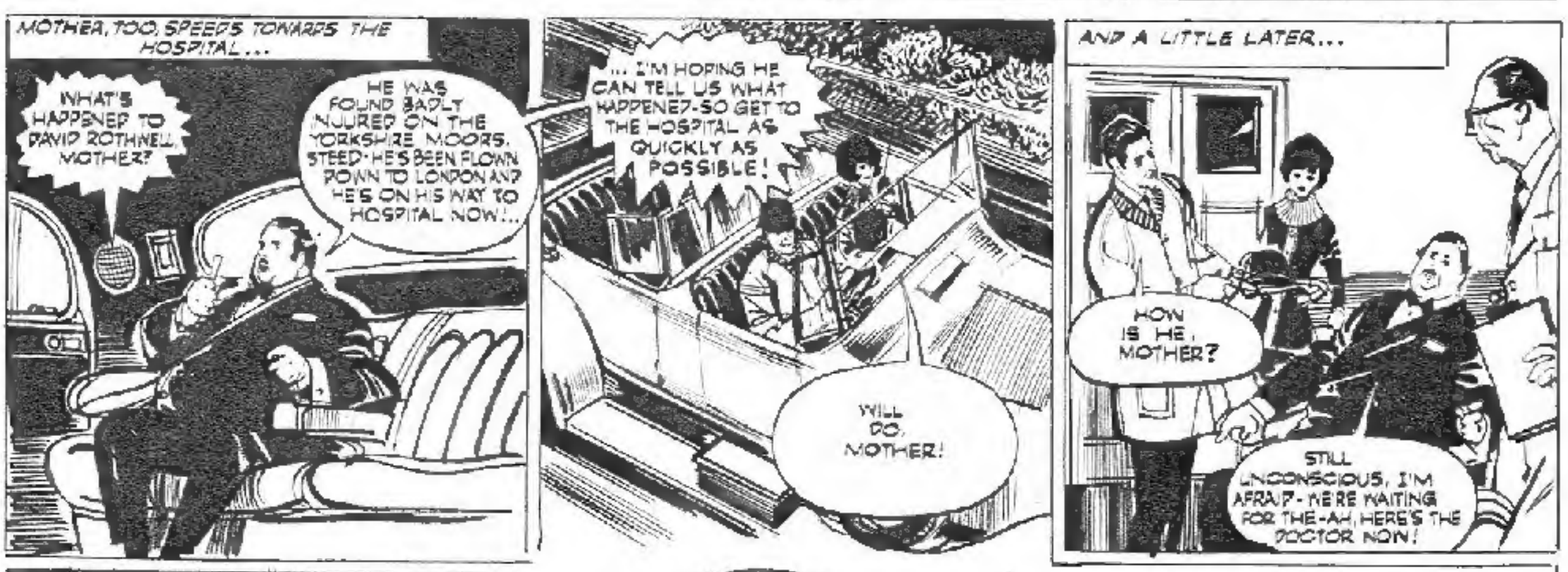
TV Terrors

Hoppit " hops it " on crutches next week.

THE AVENGERS

WITH a police escort, an ambulance races madly through the night from Heathrow Airport to a famous London hospital—aboard is a British Secret Service agent, seriously injured.

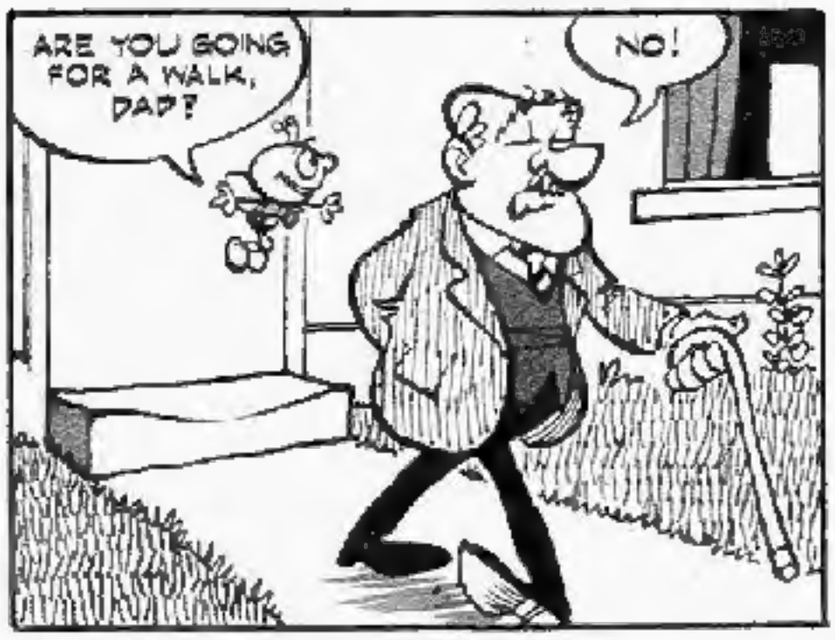


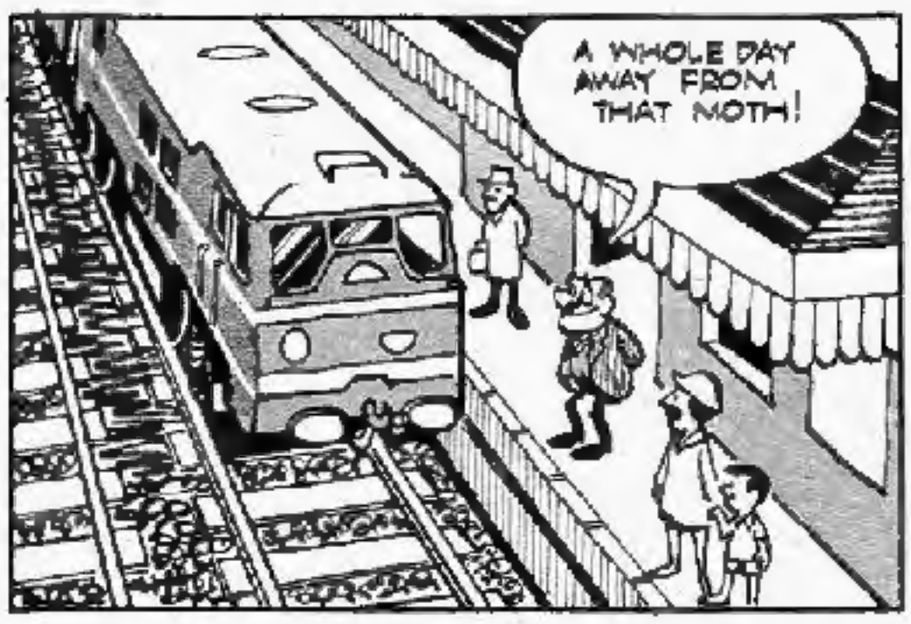

MOTHER, TOO, SPEEDS TOWARDS THE HOSPITAL...
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DAVID ROTHNELL, MOTHER?
HE WAS FOUND BADLY INJURED ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS, STEED - HE'S BEEN FLOWN DOWN TO LONDON AND HE'S ON HIS WAY TO HOSPITAL NOW!...
... I'M HOPING HE CAN TELL US WHAT HAPPENED - SO GET TO THE HOSPITAL AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!
WILL DO, MOTHER!
AND A LITTLE LATER...
HOW IS HE, MOTHER?
STILL UNCONSCIOUS, I'M AFRAID - WE'RE WAITING FOR THE - AH, HERE'S THE DOCTOR NOW!
WELL, DOCTOR?
ROTHWELL WILL LIVE, BUT HE'S TOO SICK TO TALK, AND HIS INJURIES ARE MOST... ER - CURIOUS!
CURIOUS, DOCTOR?
Y...E...ES... HE'S HAD A VERY BAD FALL, AND SUSTAINED A WOUND THAT I'D SWEAR COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN MADE BY A SWORD!
A SWORD WOUND!
WHAT CASE WAS HE WORKING ON, MOTHER?
I DON'T KNOW, STEED!
HE WAS FOLLOWING SOME LEAD OF HIS OWN - BUT I WANT YOU AND MISS KING TO GO NORTH AT ONCE.
... OBVIOUSLY THERE'S SOMETHING VERY STRANGE GOING ON ON THOSE LONELY MOORS!

Based on the Thames Television production

Follow Steed and Tara to the moors next week.

MIGHTY MOTH





'BYE-'BYE, DAD!
GRUMBLING HALT
6/3d FOR MIGHTY MOTH'S HALF FARE - £5 FOR PULLING THE COMMUNICATION CORD - £10 FOR DAMAGE - SO MUCH FOR MY CHEAP PAT EXCURSION!

Mighty and Dad are at it again next week.

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE has been following Touchwood, his Toad, in the hope that it would lead him back into the past, but Touchwood has jumped in the river. Meantime, Carrot is still making runs in his cricket match because Catweazle has run off with the ball.

CATWEAZLE STILL STRUGGLES TO JUMP IN THE RIVER AFTER TOUCHWOOD...
THOU NUMBSKULL! RELEASE ME! 'TIS TOUCHWOOD I MUST FOLLOW!
NEVER MIND ABOUT TOUCHIN' WOOD, OLD MAN, WE'RE GOIN' TO PUT YOU ASHORE NICE AN' SAFE!
963

THOU HAS RUINED MY PLANS! MY TOUCHWOOD IS GONE!...
NEVER MIND, MATEY, JUST WALK DOWN THIS BIT O' WOOD AN' GET ASHORE...WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL DAY...

MEANTIME, CARROT'S CRICKET GAME IS OVER...
HOORAY! WE'VE WON! AND I'VE MADE A CENTURY --A HUNDRED RUNS...
GRRR! I'M OUT OF BREATH!
WAIT TILL WE FIND THAT OLD TRAMP THAT PINCHED OUR BALL!

THE TRAIL IS EASY TO FOLLOW, SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CHASING CATWEAZLE ...
I MUST GET THERE FIRST...NOBODY MUST KNOW THAT I KNOW THAT CRAZY OLD SORCERER...

IT WAS THAT CRICKET BALL YOU TOOK WITH YOU... IF YOU STILL HAVE IT, PITCH IT TO THOSE FIELDERS...
CRICKY BALL? WHAT LANGUAGE IS THIS? THOU SPEAKEST IN RIDDLES!

IN DESPERATION, CARROT GRABS THE BALL FROM CATWEAZLE'S GOWN AND THROWS IT...
CATCH, CHUM... ONLY YOU CAN'T CATCH ME OUT...
NOW, COME ON, CATWEAZLE... RUN LIKE MAD...

BACK AT 'CASTLE SABURAC' CARROT TRIES TO EXPLAIN...
Y'SEE, CATWEAZLE, WHEN YOU RAN OFF WITH THAT BALL I MADE A CENTURY... DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
METHINKS THOU HAST DONE THY BEST FOR ME ... BUT WHAT GOOD IS ONE CENTURY WHEN I NEED NEARLY NINE TO TRAVEL BACK TO WHERE I COME FROM...?

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Next week Catweazle makes another flying spell.

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES *featuring the Keystone Kops*

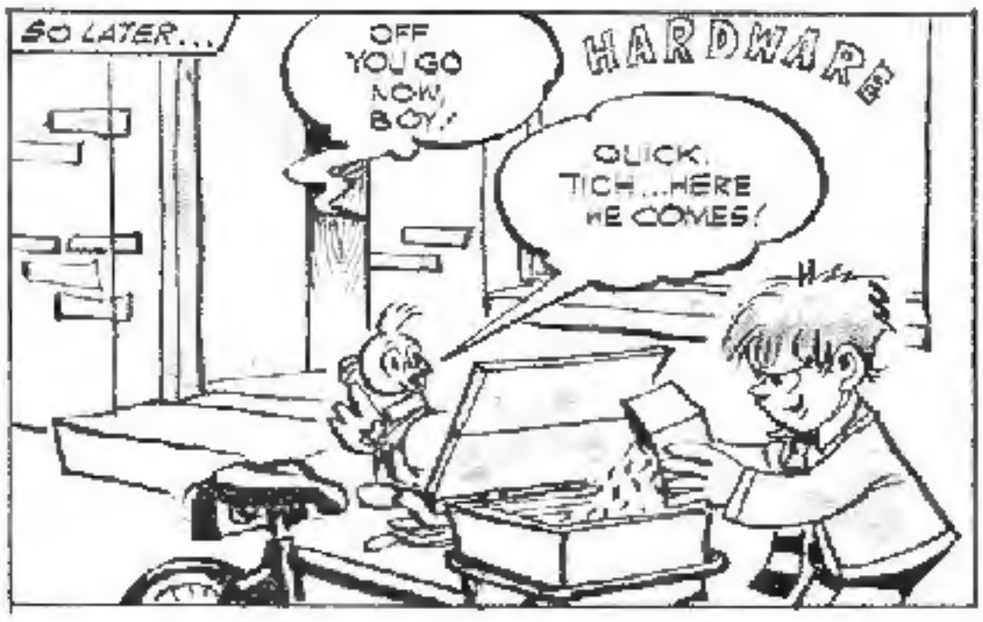
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR CHIEFY-
KOO! IT MUST BE CHIEFY'S BIRTHDAY TODAY-AND I FORGOT IT! WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM A PRESENT.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO USE FOR MONEY, BOSS?
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR CHIEF.
THAT'S EASY! WE'LL GET LOTS OF LOLLY IN HERE! HEH-HEH!
HELP!
HELP! IT'S THE ROBBERS! IT'S A RAID!
THAT'S THE IDEA, BUTCH! YOU KEEP AN EYE ON PERCIVAL THERE AND WE'LL NIP DOWN TO THE VAULTS AND BLOW THE SAFE!
YOU CAN RELY ON ME, BOSS!
G-GULP! I'LL HAVE TO GET OUT AND TELL THE KOPS- BUT HOW DO I GET PAST THAT BUTCH?
KASH
HELP! WH-WHAT'S THAT!
ER-IT'S OUR OFFICE BOYS FAULT! HE'S ALWAYS PUTTING HIS JUMPING BEANS IN THE KASH BAGS!
LOLLY HOP
KASH
HOP!
HOP!
YAHOO! IT WORKED! I'M OUT! NOW TO TELL THE KOPS!
STORE
HOP!
CHIEFY! CHIEFY, THE KROOKS ARE RAIDING THE BANK!
PAH! JUST WHEN I WAS GOING TO BLOW OUT THE KANDLES ON MY KAKE!
HELP! IT'S THE KOPS! HOW DID THEY FIND OUT?
NEVER MIND THAT! JUST STICK 'EM UP! YOU KROOKS SPOILED MY BIRTHDAY PARTY!
SAFE
FIZZ
FIZZ
DYNAMITE
ER- CH-CHIEFY, L-LOOK!
YIKES! LOOKS AS IF I'VE GOT SOME KANDLES TO BLOW OUT AFTER ALL!
FIZZ
DYNAMITE
1-2-3
YEOW! THAT WAS SOME BLOW, CHIEFY! YOU GOT 'EM ALL WITH ONE PUFF!
PHEW! PHEW! PHEW!
DYNAMITE
ER- I THINK YOU MISSED ONE, CHIEF!
DEAR! DEAR! I MUST BE SLIPPING!
BOOM!
ROTTEN OLD CHIEFY! WE WERE ONLY GETTING LOLLY TO BUY YOU A PRESENT!
THE JUDGE GAVE ME THE BEST PRESENT- HE PUT YOU KROOKS AWAY FOR SEVEN DAYS!
LET'S SEE YOU BLOW OUT THESE KANDLES NOW!

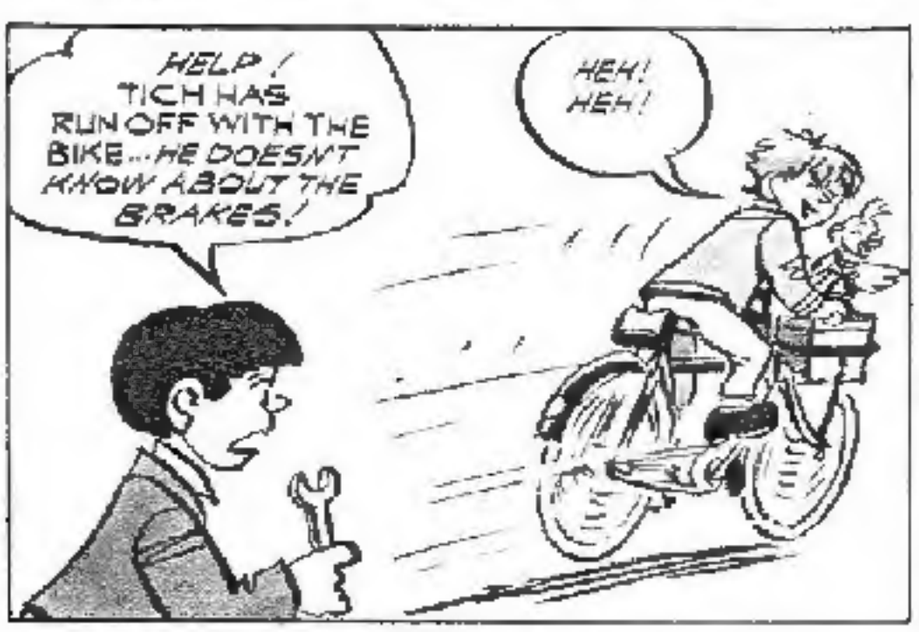
Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

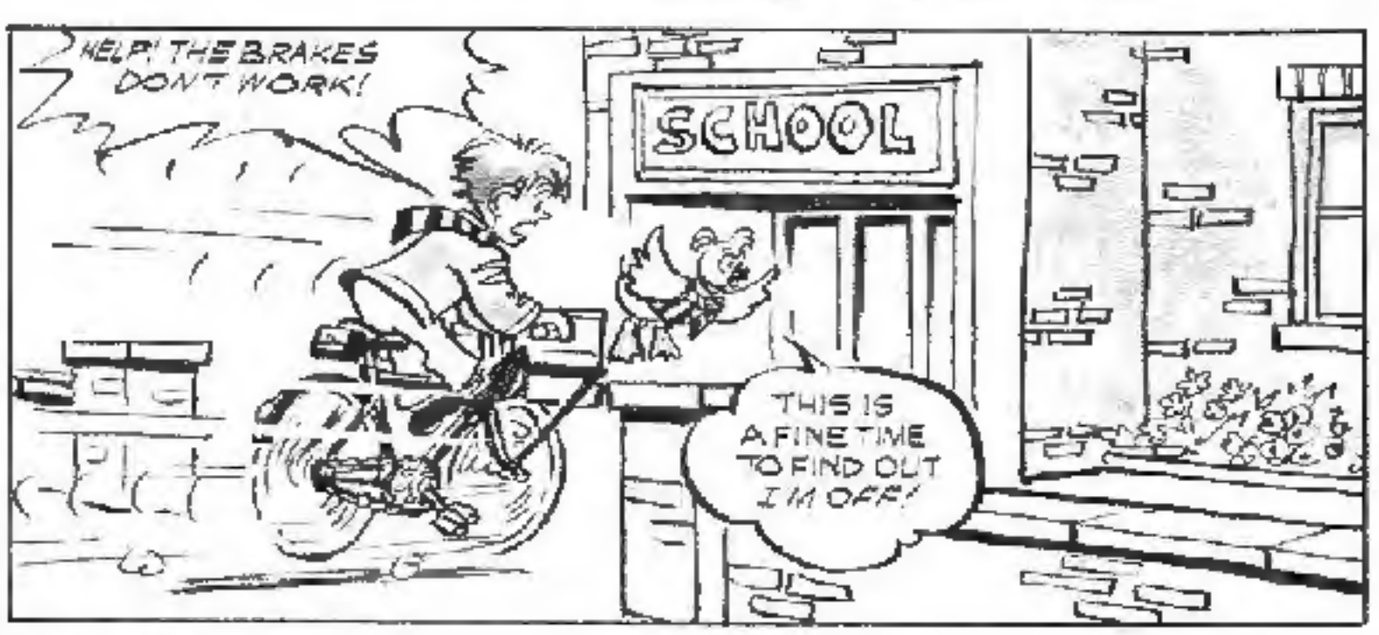
Kackles and kicks from the "iron horse" next week.

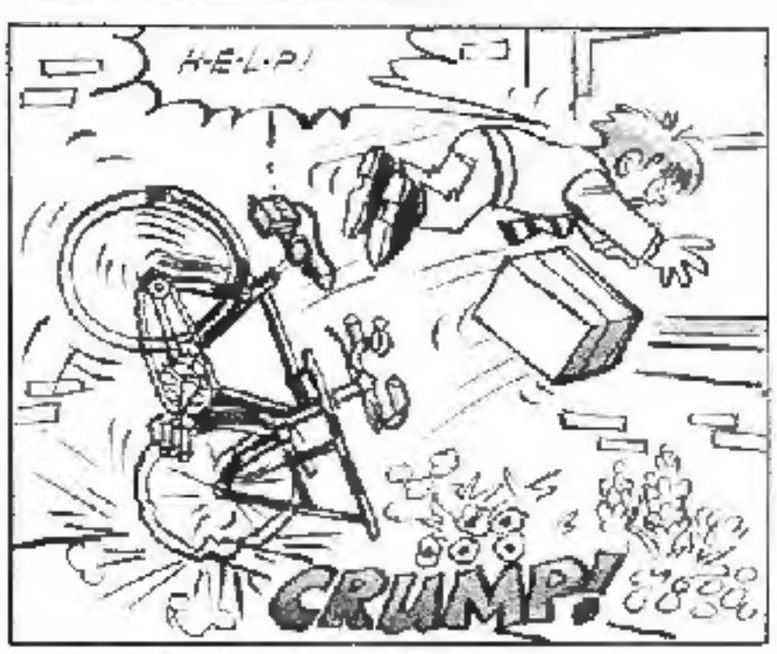
Tich and Quackers

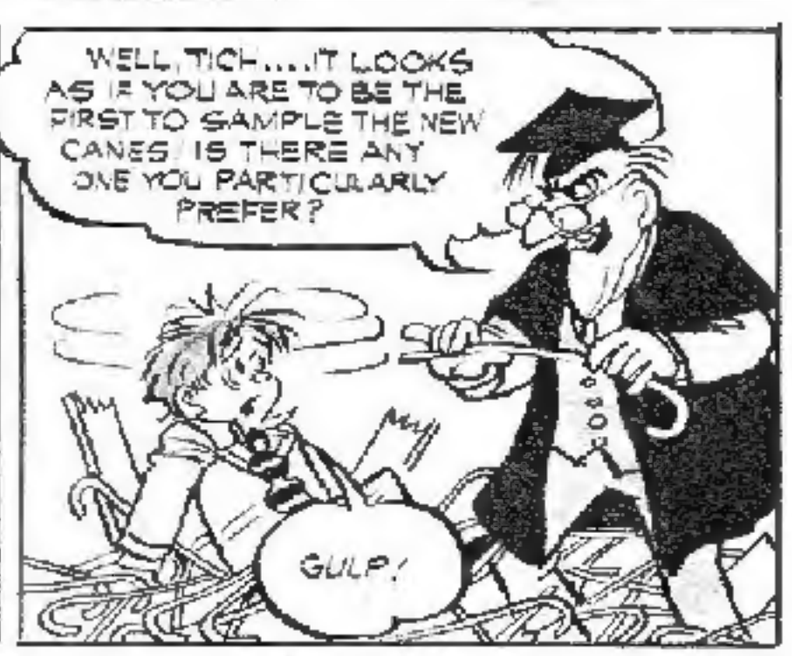
YES, THERE'S NO SWISH IN MY CANE... I'D LIKE YOE TO SEND UP A FRESH BATCH RIGHT AWAY!
CERTAINLY, MISTER THWACKER... I'LL SEND THEM UP WITH OUR BOY AT LUNCHTIME!
963











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based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

Next week Tich has a "high" time on the roof.

TEXAS TED

Big hat, big head

AH THINK AH'LL BUY MASELF A LITTLE PRESENT, COUSIN. GIVE MASELF A TREAT!
A LITTLE PRESENT? TED NEVER HAS ANYTHING LITTLE!
HOW ABOUT THIS, SIR? A MOST UNUSUAL GIFT... A SPLENDID ELEPHANT TUSK!
YOU'VE GOT IT IN THE WRONG PLACE, FELLAH... IT SHOULD BE IN THE DENTAL SECTION! WE SELL THEM THINGS AS TOOTHPICKS BACK HOME!
MUST BE A BABY TOOTH, EH, COUSIN? HAW! HAW! HAW!
WHOPP!
YES, EDWARD!
PERHAPS I COULD INTEREST YOU IN AN ALPINE HORN, SIR? MORE YOUR SIZE! I SHOULD THINK!
NOW YOU'RE TALKIN', FELLAH. NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!
SURE MUST HAVE BIGGER ELEPHANTS IN THE ALPS, EH, COUSIN?
VERY FUNNY... AND I DON'T THINK!
HELP!
WHUMP!
FOR YOUR INFORMATION, SIR... THAT IS NOT A TUSK! IT IS A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT! BLOW IT!
BLOW, EH? AH RECKON AH'LL DO JUST THAT!
DON'T COUSIN! DON'T!
PRAAAA
HELP! I HAD A FUNNY FEELING THAT SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN!
MUSIC
RIP!
GOODNESS ME! THIS IS GOING TO COST SOMEONE A LOT OF MONEY!
CHINA
ZOOOM!
ZONK!
KERRASSH!
GUESS WHO...
THAT WILL BE £78-18-6, SIR.
AH GUESS THIS JUST AIN'T MA LUCKY DAY!
BILL
I'LL LEAVE YOU TO GET YOUR PRESENT, EDWARD ... I'M GOING HOME WHILE I AM STILL IN ONE PIECE!
WELL...ER...DID YOU GET A GIANT, POLISHED IVORY ELEPHANT TUSK, COUSIN?
EARLY BIRD
WELL, NOT QUITE, COUSIN! I...ER...GOT A LITTLE, FLUFFY LUCKY RABBIT FOOT INSTEAD! I THOUGHT IT MIGHT CHANGE MA LUCK!
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

More Texas-sized titters next week.

BASIL BRUSH

I SEE THAT THERE IS AN OLD CROOKS CAR RALLY DOWN AT ELMWOOD, CHUMMERS!

COR! IT WOULD BE NICE T'WIN A ROSETTE FOR BESSIE!

BESSIE, HOWEVER, ISN'T LOOKING AT ALL WELL...

LUMME, GUV! OLD BESSIE'S IN A RIGHT OL' STATE! SHE WON'T WIN ANY PRIZES THAT WAY!

WHERE'S YOUR FAITH, CHUMMERS? WE'LL GIVE THE OLD GIRL A HOSE DOWN AND SHE'LL LOOK AS GOOD AS NEW!

THAT'S BETTER. SHE'S LOOKING MORE LIKE HER OLD SELF ALREADY!

BY JINGO! IS THAT GIRL DOESN'T WIN A ROSETTE, MY NAME ISN'T ER-ER-ER-.

BRUSH, GUV. BRUSH IS THE NAME!

NOW, THEN- WE MUST DO THINGS PROPERLY, CHUMMERS. IN THE OLD DAYS A CHAPPIE HAD TO WALK AHEAD OF THE CAR TO WARN PEOPLE THAT THE FIENDISH MACHINE WAS COMING! YOU CAN BE THAT CHAPPIE!

SOMEHOW I DIDN'T THINK THE GUV'NOR WOULD WALK!

IT'S ALL RIGHT FER 'IM, BUT ALL THIS WALKING AIN'T DOIN' MY BUNIONS ANY GOOD!

CHEER UP, CHUMMERS OLD PIP! WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

GREAT RATTLING ROADSTERS! OLD BESSIE'S CONKED OUT ON US! SHE'S GIVEN UP!

SPLUTTER!

COUGH!

MUST'VE GOT SOME WATER IN THE PETROL WHEN WE WAS HOSIN' HER DOWN, GUV! WE'LL NEVER GET HER READY IN TIME FOR THE RALLY.

THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT, OLD BOY!

I HAD A FUNNY FEELING THE GUV'NOR 'AD SOMETHING LIKE THIS IN MIND!

COME, COME, CHUMMERS. WE'RE BARELY MOVING! PUT SOME BEEF INTO IT, OLD CHUM.

HALLO! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO GET MY RAG UP! THESE HUMANS SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO SHOW RED THINGS WHEN WE BULLS ARE AROUND!

H-E-L-P! A BLOOMIN' GREAT BULL!

PHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! GULP!

THUMP!

BAH! CHEAT!

BY GOLLY! THAT WAS SOME SHOVE CHUMMERS. WE'RE BOWLING ALONG BEAUTIFULLY NOW! AND IT'S DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY FROM HERE ON IN! SPLENDID!

WELL-ER-I HAD A LITTLE 'ELP, GUV!

NOW THEN, IF I HADN'T GIVEN YOU THAT RED FLAG, CHUMMERS, WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOT HERE - AND WOULDN'T HAVE WON A ROSETTE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, GUV - AS ALWAYS.

Another jolly old romp with Basil and Chummers next week.

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

THERE is a very friendly Boa Constrictor at the Zoo. He is not of course a poisonous snake and so I am able to lift him off the old dead tree he lives in and put him on my shoulders.

I SAY, YOU ARE GETTING QUITE HEAVY, AREN'T YOU?

YES, I DON'T TAKE ENOUGH EXERCISE!

I SAY, YOU'RE GETTING THICK AROUND THE MIDDLE!

NO MORE THAN USUAL.

AND YOU MUST TAKE AT LEAST SIZE 16 IN COLLARS NOW!

NOT TOO TIGHT, PLEASE, IT MAKES MY EARS BUZZ.

WHAT'S IT LIKE HAVING LEGS?

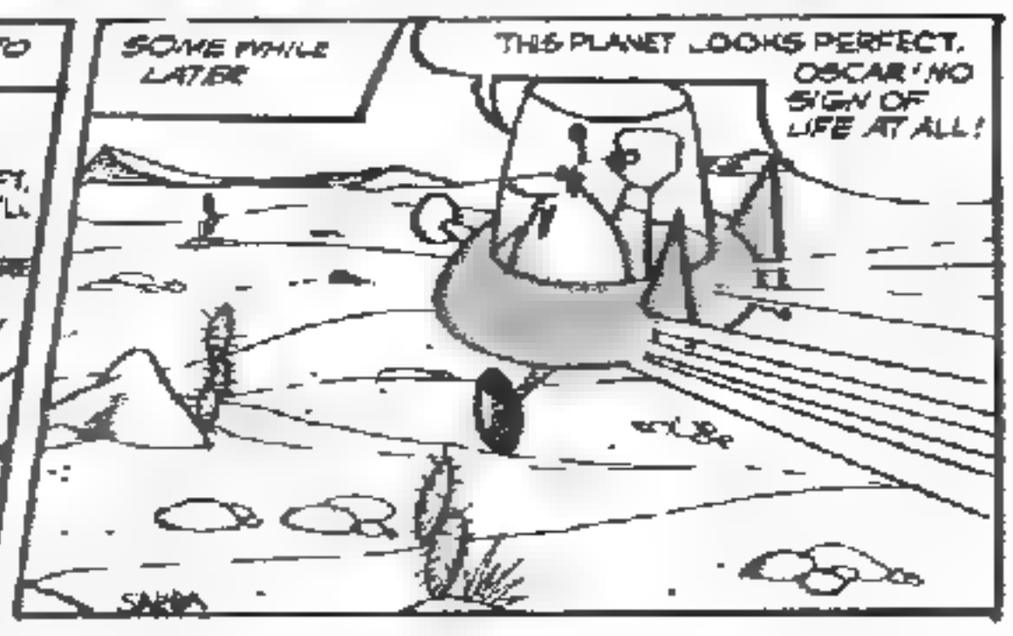
WELL, YOU NEED TROUSERS, SOCKS, AND BOOTS FOR LEGS!

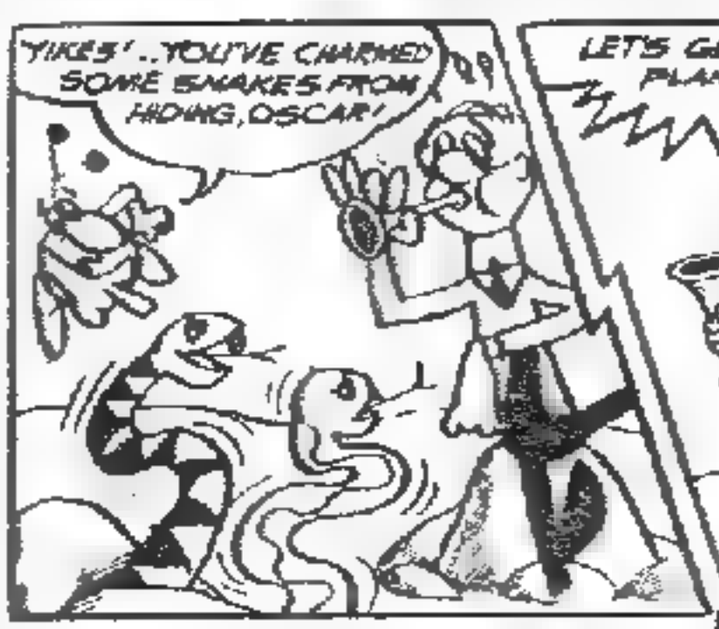
I MUST SAY IT'S MUCH MORE CONVENIENT BEING A BOA!

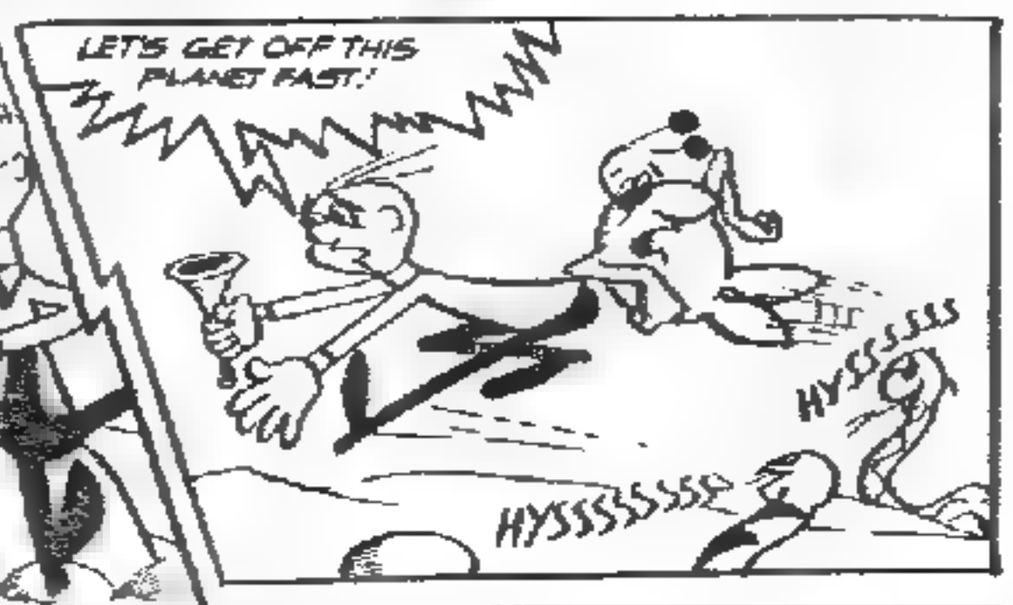
Next week Johnny Morris writes about the Tapir.

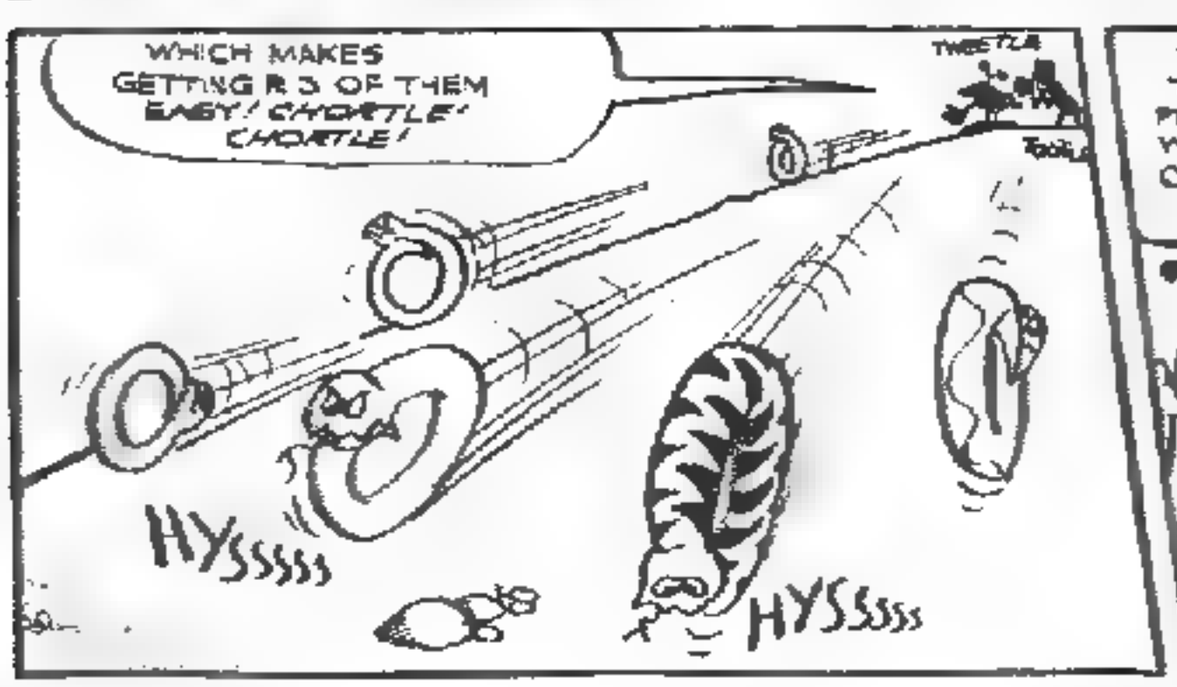
ASTRONUT

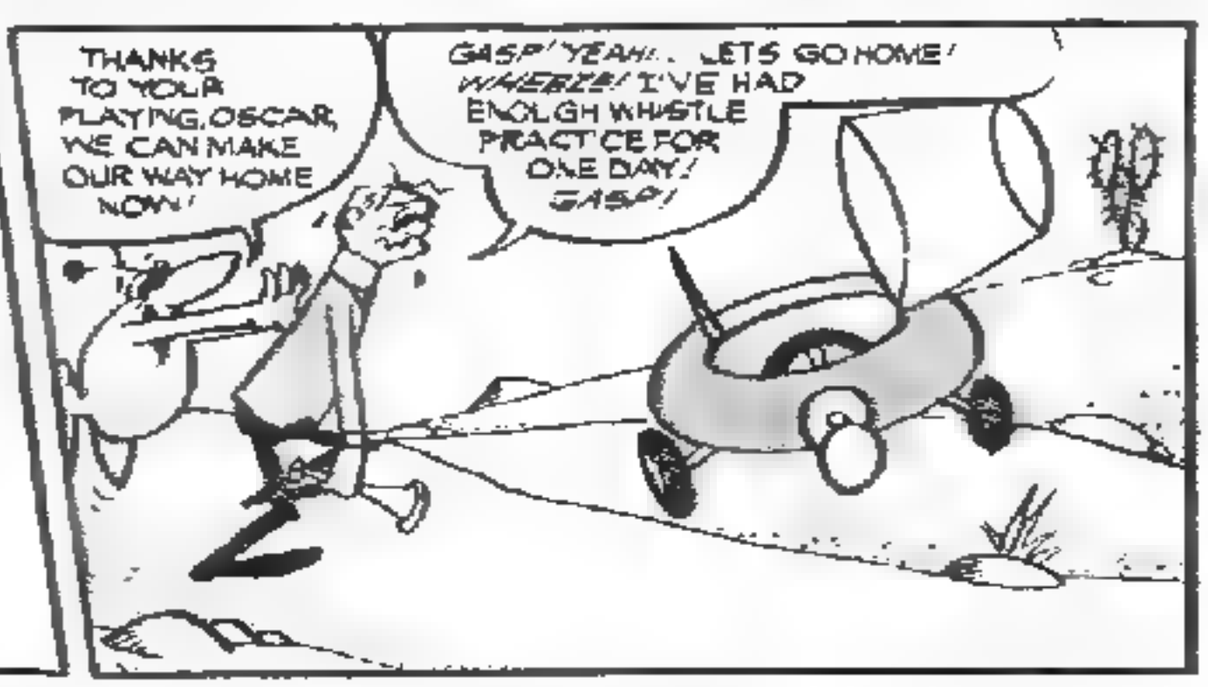
OSCAR HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO CALL IN ASTRO..
DO YOU KNOW OF A DESERTED PLANET WHERE I CAN PLAY MY TIN WHISTLE, ASTRO?
NOP IN THE SPACE CRAFT, OSCAR. HE'LL FIND ONE SOMEWHERE OLD PAL!










THANKS TO YOUR PLAYING, OSCAR, WE CAN MAKE OUR WAY HOME NOW!
GASP! YEAH!.. LETS GO HOME! WHEEZE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH WHISTLE PRACTICE FOR ONE DAY! GASP!

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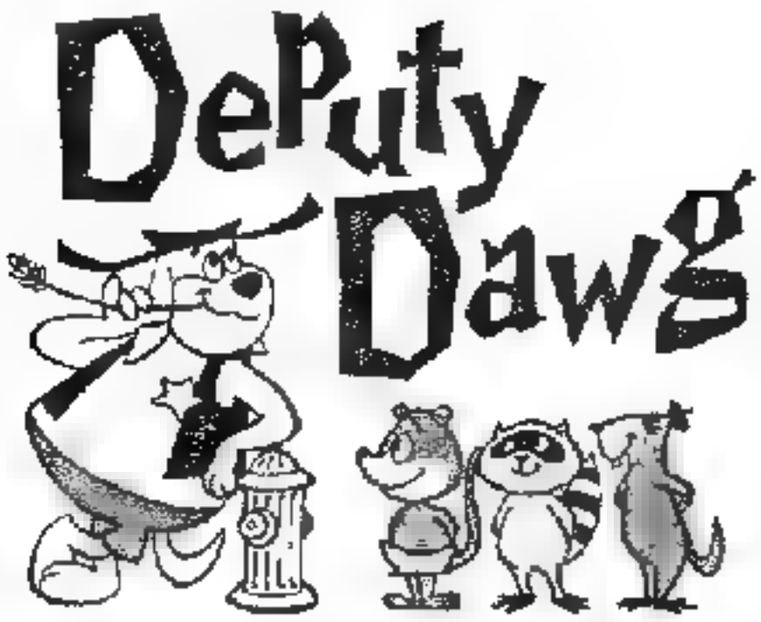
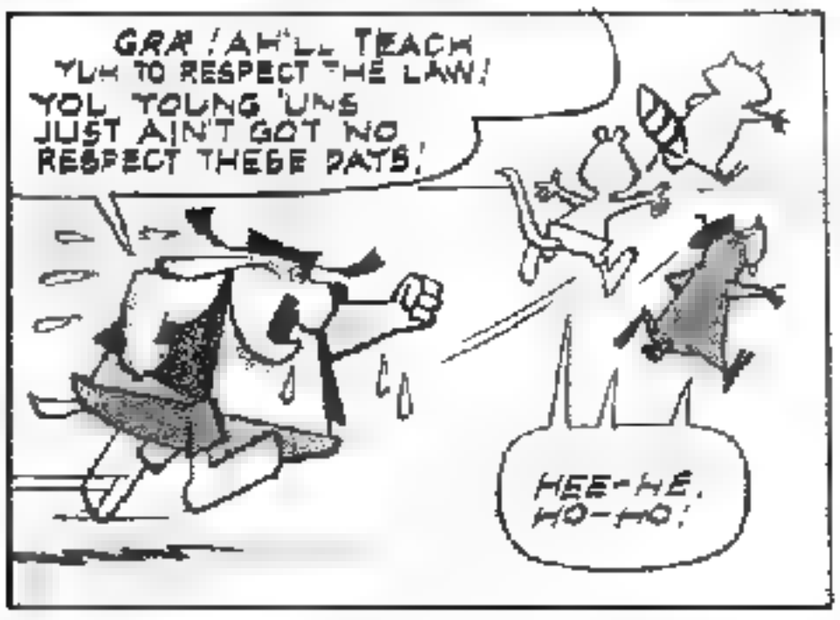
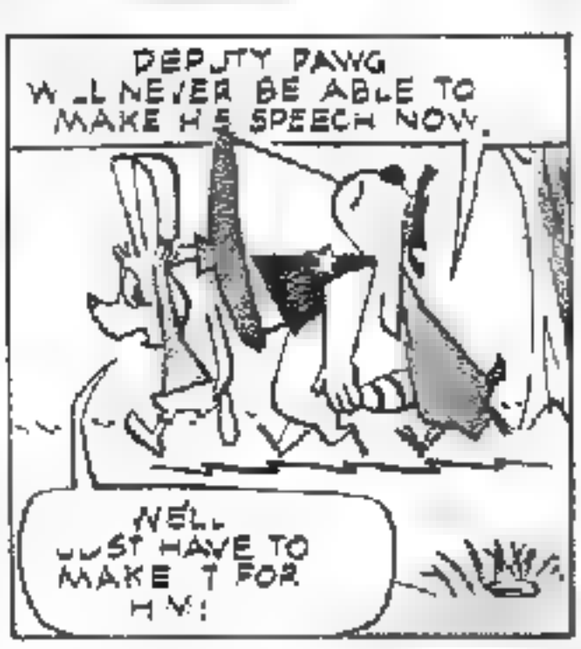
Laugh with Astro on a lonely desert island next week.

Deputy Dawg







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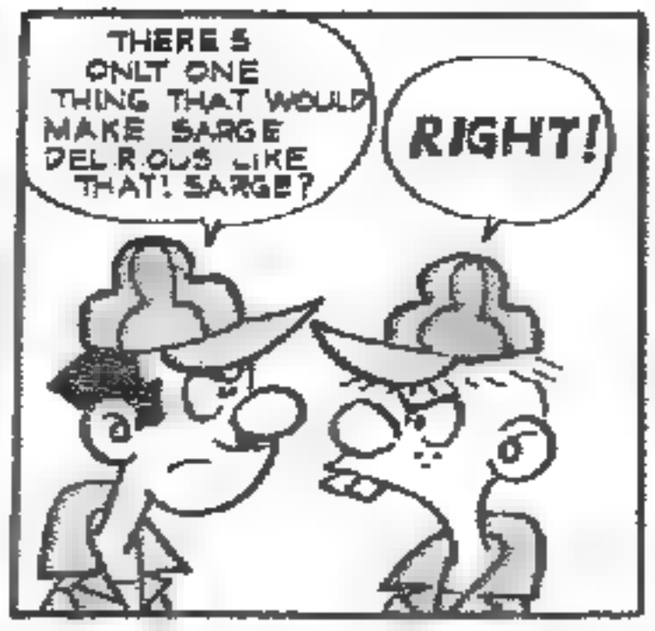
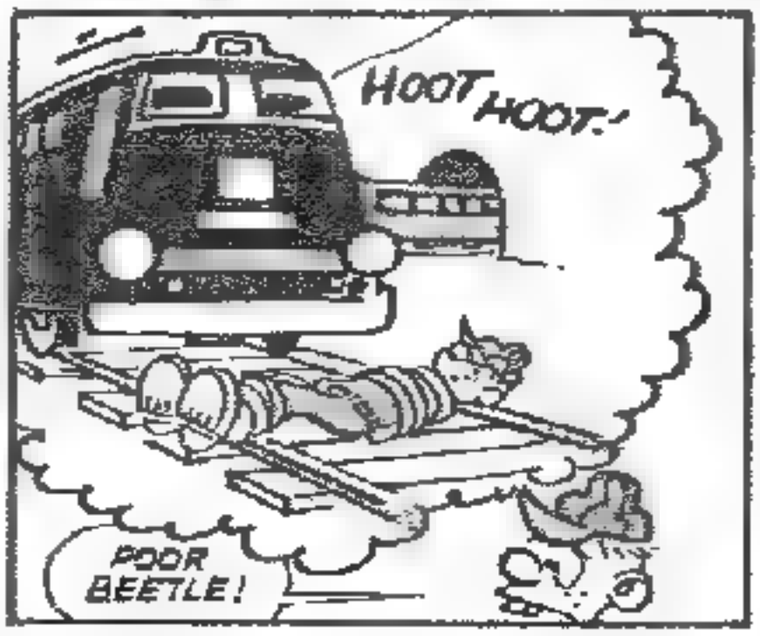
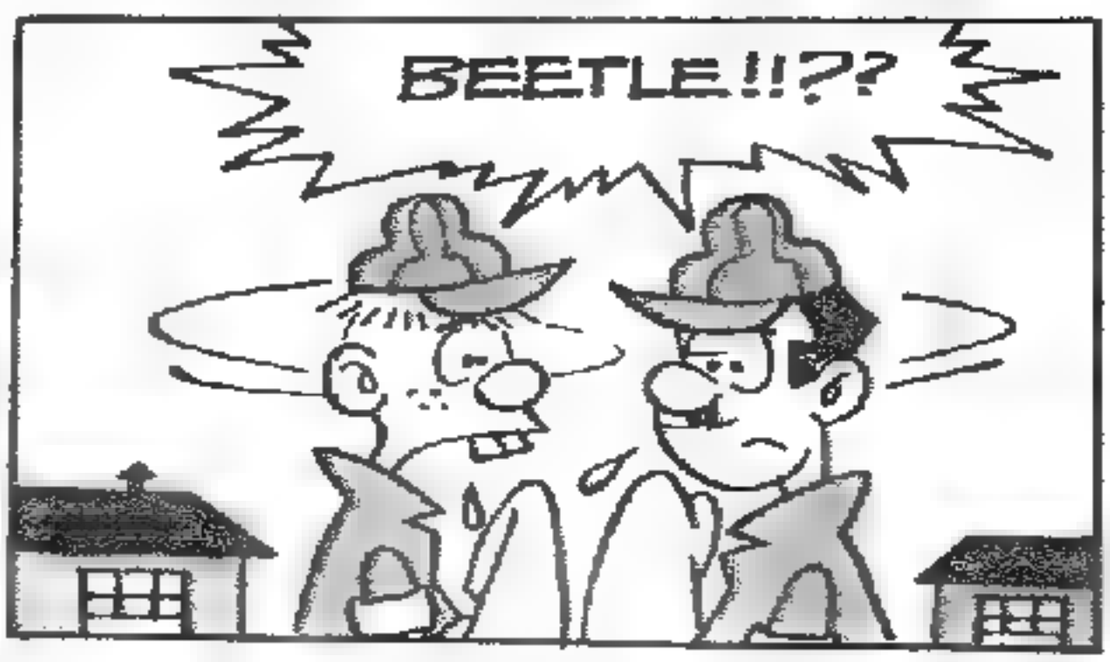
"Depitty" is here with the laughs again next week

BEETLE BAILEY







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More military mirth next week.

BUGS BUNNY

PRESENTS

CARROT CAPERS

SAY WHAT'S A-GOIN ON? WHAT'S HE A-PLAYIN AT WITH THAT THERE FLY SWAT?

SCAT! BEAT IT! SHOO!

HOLD ON THERE, RABBIT. YOU'RE ACTIN' DOWNright UNNERVING WITH ALL YORE A-SWIPING AND A-YELLIN'! YOU AIN'T A-GOIN OFF YOUR HEAD, IS YOU?

I AM NOT BATTY, SAM. IT'S MY CARROTS ...THEY'VE GOT ATTACKED BY A CARROT FLY!

SAY, THAT'S BAD!

IT SAYS HERE YOU AIN'T BEEN A-PLANTIN' THEM IN THE RIGHT SOIL. CARROTS GROWS BEST IN SANDY SOIL LIKE!

SAY THANKS SAM. I'LL GO AND PLANT A NEW CARROT PATCH

AND I KNOW JUST THE PLACE TO PLANT MY SEEDS!

TO THE BEACH!

?

YOU DON'T FIND ANY SOIL SANDIER THAN THIS!

BUGGY'S CARROT PATCH.

OH OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE

HAVE I HAVE! WHERE'S THE WIFEGUARD? DOESN'T HE GAVE CARAWAYES? PLEASE HAVE I GASP!

I'LL GET HIM TO SAVE ONE FOR ME! HEY! HEY!

OH NO! THAT STUPID CATS CHURNED UP MY CARROT PATCH

I'LL GET YOU FIRST!

YEE-OIKS!

GRAB!

I OUGHT TO PULVERISE YOU! BUT AS IT HAPPENS, MY PATCH NEEDS GUARDING ...AND YOU'RE JUST THE CAT TO DO IT!

IF..IF..IF Y-OU.. ER.. IN... INSIST, GUVNOR!

PHEW! SAVED!

I'M OFF TO GET MORE SEED, SYLVESTER. AND DON'T YOU MOVE FROM THERE OR I'LL GET SAM TO BLAST YOU!

I SWEAR.. I SHALL NOT MOVE AN INCH! NOT ONE INCH!

LATER...

HALLO! WHAT'S THAT STRAW DOING THERE? I'LL TAKE A LOOK!

YEE-ESK!

GET AWAY FROM HERE! DON'T TOUCH THAT STRAW!

DIDN'T ANYONE TELL THAT STUPID RABBIT THAT THERE ARE TIDES ON THIS HERE BEACH... OR IS HE THINKING OF GROWING READY SALTED CARROTS?

BUGSY WILL BE PROUD! SYLVESTER HASN'T MOVED AN INCH.

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Sylvester changes places with Tweety next week.

Pick of the Jokes

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Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid Lyons Maid

Larry Harmon's LAUREL & HARDY

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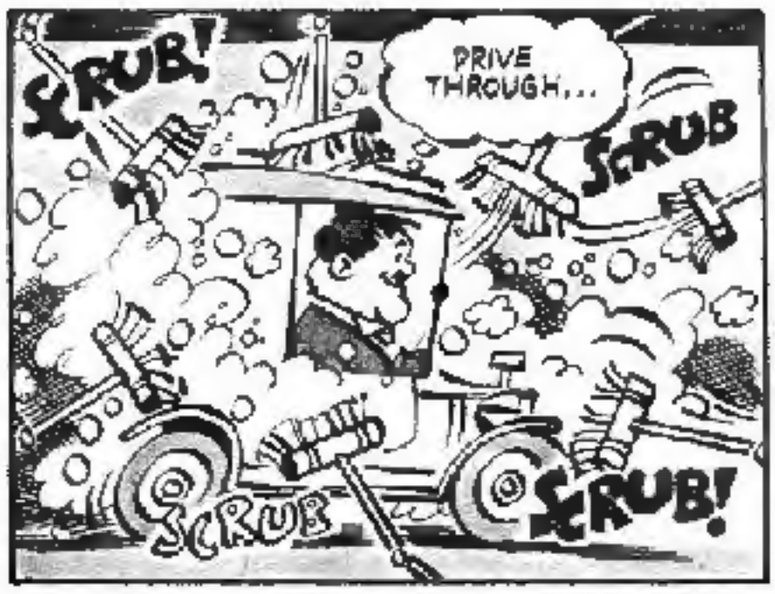
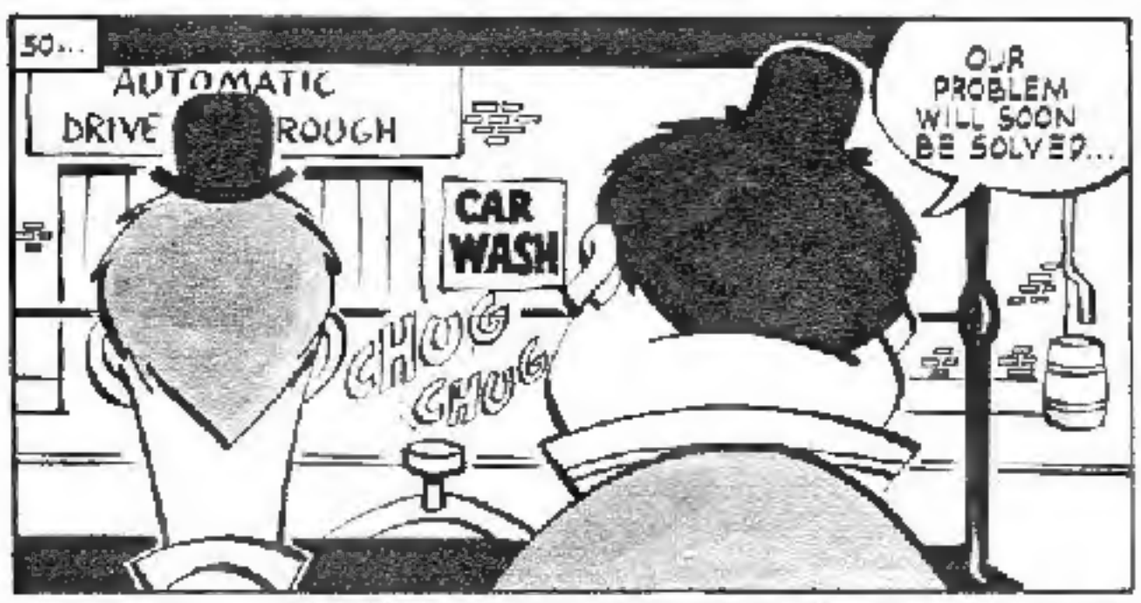
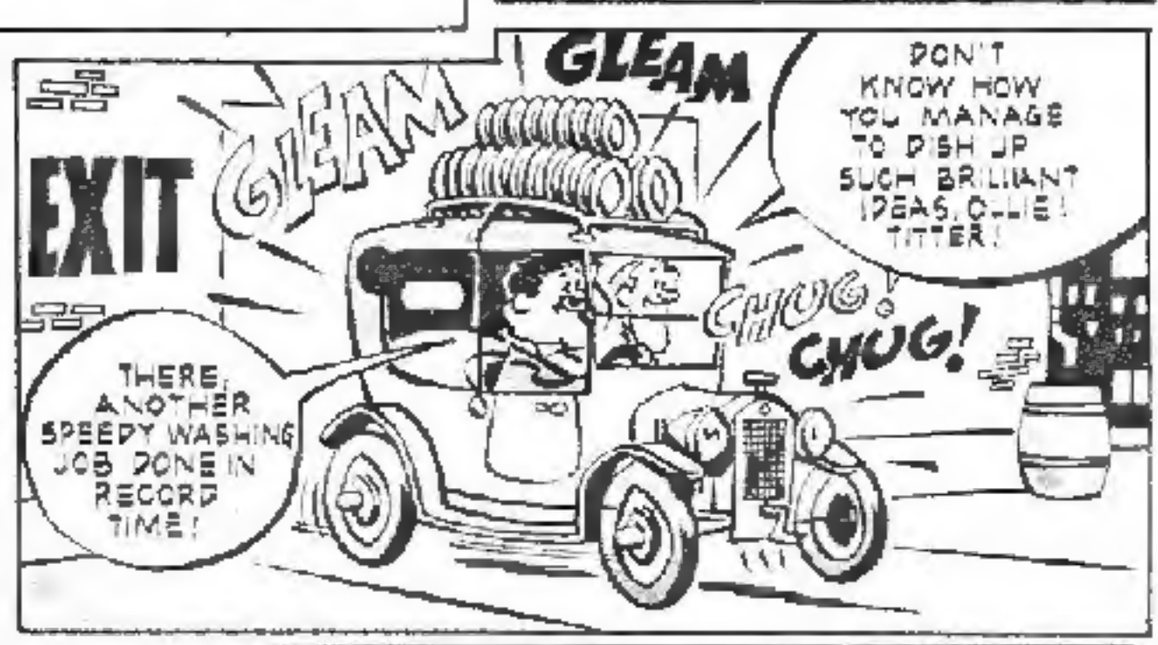
I'M OFF TO CLEAN THE CAR! WE WANT IT TO LOOK SMART WHEN WE TAKE AUNTIE FOR A DRIVE TOMORROW!
HMMPF! SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO TACKLE 'EM ALONE!



I'VE ONLT MANAGED TO WASH AND DRY TWO TEA SPOONS IN THE TIME IT'S TAKEN TOU TO CLEAN THE WHOLE CAR!
SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST SPEEDIER THAN OTHERS I SUPPOSE, STANLET!




EXIT
GLEAM
GLEAM
DON'T KNOW HOW TOU MANAGE TO DISH UP SUCH BRILIANT IDEAS, OLLIE! TITTER!
CHUG CHUG!
THERE, ANOTHER SPEEDY WASHING JOB DONE IN RECORD TIME!

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DOCTOR WHO

FROM a recently fallen meteorite, iron filings emerge to destroy a girder bridge and part of a chemical storage tank. Dr. Who analyses the filings and reveals that they are a form of life which lives on metal. Then a U.N.I.T. sergeant bursts into the laboratory threatening to shoot . . .

OUR OWN PLANET, MADE MOSTLY OF IRON, WAS IN COLLISION WITH ANOTHER WORLD. WE ARE THE SURVIVORS OF THAT CATASTROPHE.
I SEE... THE METEORITE WAS PART OF YOUR PLANET. BUT HOW DID YOU REACH EARTH?

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THE SERGEANT GOES WILD...

WHAM!

ISOLATE THAT WEAPON, MISS SHAW... QUICKLY!

WE MUST EXAMINE THIS BLOOD SAMPLE. I THINK THE SERGEANT WILL RETURN TO NORMAL AFTER A TRANSFUSION.

TEN MINUTES LATER...

WE FOUND A SCRATCH ON HIS FINGER... A FILING MUST HAVE ENTERED THE BLOOD STREAM THAT WAY.

YES... AND THE FILINGS HAVE THE POWER TO MULTIPLY WITHIN A HUMAN BODY...

...MUST CHECK THE MOVEMENTS OF THE TRANSPORTER THAT CARRIED THE METEORITE!

TWO HOURS LATER...

IT'S CONFIRMED THAT THE TRANSPORTER STOPPED ONLY THREE TIMES. AT THE BRIDGE, BY THE TANKS AND AT THE MUSEUM.

ALL THE AREAS, INCLUDING THE VEHICLE, HAVE BEEN CHECKED AND TREATED WITH ANTI-RUST LIQUID!

GOOD. IT APPEARS THAT THE DANGER IS OVER!

BUT DR. WHO IS UNAWARE OF ONE GROUP OF FILINGS...

FOR THEY LEFT THE METEORITE BEFORE IT WAS MOVED TO THE MUSEUM...

What will these live filings do? See next week.

POPEYE

HIGH TIME

THAR'S THE MOUNTAIN, OLIVE. WE'LL CLIMB RIGHT TO THA TOP.

WE'LL NEED A GUIDE!

I'M A GUIDE. I'LL TAKE YOU UP FOR TEN SHILLINGS!

IT'S A DEAL!

HERE WE ARE AT THE TOP, OLIVE!

OH, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU - I CHARGE £5 TO TAKE YOU DOWN AGAIN.

LATER...

BUT I HAVEN'T GOT £5.

HARD LUCK! FIND YER OWN WAY DOWN! TAT-TA!

DON'T WORRY, OLIVE. I'LL FIND A WAY DOWN.

I MUST STOP, POPEYE - I HAVE A STONE IN MY SHOE!

THE LITTLE STONE FROM OLIVE'S SHOE KNOCKS A BIGGER STONE...

SNICK!

THE BIGGER STONE KNOCKS AN EVEN BIGGER ONE...

BONK!

... AND SO ON AND SO ON, UNTIL...

RUMBLE!

YAH!

CRUNCH!

LATER...

IT WAS EASY FINDIN' OUR WAT DOWN WIT' BRUTUS' GROANS TO GUIDE US, OLIVE. ARF! ARF!

GROAN! MOAN!

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Popeye bids high at an auction sale next week.